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# The Socialist Spirit

## *The Fellowship*

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*The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.*

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# The Socialist Spirit

VOL. I

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## The Coal Strike

Overshadowing everything in the United States as the perfect days of June come on is the great strike in the anthracite coal fields.

The press reports of the strike are meagre; the papers confine themselves to inconsequent details and aspects of the situation, suppressing parts regarding the preparations for physical war noted by John Spargo in his letter published in this issue, and all other things of vital interest.

This conspiracy of silence has become so potent and manifest that the National Committee of the Socialist Party has undertaken to fill the gap by bulletins, which will at least furnish the socialists and labor unions with the facts, whether the "great reading public" gets them or not.

We had hoped to have both John Spargo and William Mailly in the strike field to talk socialism and to furnish facts regarding the situation to all the socialist papers; but the situation in Massachusetts is such that Mailly cannot leave that state just at this time; although it may be arranged for him to go to Pennsylvania later should the strike continue throughout June. Meanwhile Spargo will do his best to render double service by devoting to active field work all the time he can spare from the editorial desk of the *Comrade*.

In spite of "prosperity" claims by

plutocratic newspapers it is clear that monopoly is coming to regard these great strikes with fear. The impression generally prevails among those who are not blind to the injustice of present industrial conditions that some such strike as the present coal strike may be the signal for the first general uprising of the unfree. Despite the active work of socialists in holding up the ballot as the means of achieving freedom, conditions may become too onerous for a peaceful solution, and the resort to arms on the part of capitalism, which is its ancient resource, may precipitate a physical conflict. The ten per cent increase in wages accorded the miners as the result of the last strike has been more than neutralized by the advance of twenty per cent in the cost of food—common experience makes this clear.

Wholesale commodity prices, as a matter of fact, show a larger advance in the past four or five years than 20 per cent. But even with only a 10 per cent advance in wages the anthracite miners have fared better than a large percentage of the labor force of the country, which has had no increase in wage income whatever.

The miners are all in all working harder for a smaller net result than before the "concession" on the part of the coal monopolists.

The conscienceless reckoning of a ton as 3,100 pounds, as it is in the Erie



mines, shows the manner in which the workers are exploited.

"This estimate," says John Mitchell, "is absurd. In one set of mines, where the men are being paid seventy-four cents a ton, present measurement, they are striking for sixty cents a ton, actual measurement. If they get it, their earning will increase twenty per cent. They are willing to be docked for the actual amount of waste in their cars, and are even willing to be docked for more than this amount as a penalty for careless loading. But they are certain that the only rightful way to measure the payment is by the actual amount of good coal that the cars contain."

The stuff which the capitalist papers contain regarding the miner's finances is grotesque. Those papers which maintain that the miners are saving comfortable sums from their present wages (*an average of 80 cents a day the year round*) are manifestly in the same class of cheerful liars with those who claim that the men spend "all they do not actually need" in drink.

The yearly average net earnings for all mine workers, including the *twenty thousand little boys* who serve as slate-pickers, are approximately \$325. These wages are lower than in any similar industry in the Northern states.



#### Strikes and Socialist Propaganda

It is becoming very clear to socialists that the strike field is the place for propaganda. Not only are the men on strike disposed to listen to anything which claims to affect their interests, but during the days of waiting they have the time to listen—hours in which they are not too tired to assimilate a thought. A tired man cannot think; to keep men in slavery you only have to work them steadily and strenuously. It would be splendid tactics for every socialist who is free to travel and can do so, to load his pockets with timely literature and make for the field as soon as any important strike is declared.

This idea was prominent in the minds of the members of the Fellowship of the Socialist Spirit when the fellowship was initiated and we yet hope to serve the movement very positively in this direction in the future.

Beside the fact that the men are free to read, listen and think at such times, it is during strikes that the nature of capitalist government shines forth in all its glaring outlines. The manifest lack of sympathy on the part of elected persons toward those who do the work of the world is never more clear than when property considerations are arrayed against human life. Such object lessons are never lost on the men when there is someone by to point out their significance. On the other hand, the conduct of any official who is in sympathy with the working class is in such marked contrast to the official with the capitalist mind, that the necessity of a working-class movement of a political nature becomes strikingly apparent.

Labor unions, by their growth and universality, have educated the workers for political action, as neither the middle class nor the leisure class is educated. The same solidarity that exists in the labor unions, if given political expression, would sweep all before it; and the present helpful attitude of socialists—extending even to the offer of funds to aid the strikers—must create a feeling of fraternity and friendship toward socialist workers, that will bring valuable accessions to the political power of the socialist movement before very long.



#### Socialism in Trades Unions

Anyone who is familiar with trades-unions must have noted that they do not receive all their socialistic impulses from the outside. The percentage of socialists among trades-union members is already very large and constantly increasing. Indeed, many of the local unions are so shot through with socialism that they listen with unconcealed indifference to speakers who

advocate the old superficial measures with which they have been so long familiar. It is a case of the sheep being wiser than the shepherds. The rank and file are gradually getting a comprehension of fundamental facts and forces and the leaders must soon manifest a like comprehension or suffer replacement.

Mr. Deb's attendance at the convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver, Colo., last week as the most distinguished and most anticipated speaker, shows which way the tide is setting. On the evening of May 26th, Mr. Debs addressed an audience of more than 5,000 working men in the Denver Coliseum. The enthusiasm ran high, and the words which were the most vigorously applauded, were these:

"You have tried the strike and the boycott, and have been defeated; your organizations have been wrecked by your masters. When you combine in the economic field, where you are weakest, then it is your duty to combine in the political field, where you are invulnerable. Your votes must be cast for and with each other hereafter."

The Denver papers frankly admit that the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners and the Western Labor Union have declared for socialism and propose to form political parties in all the western states, composed of members of organized labor.

If this is true, and it may well be, the capitalist politicians will soon begin to manifest a renewed affection and consideration for labor.



#### Outside of the Strike Field

The great speculative interests centering in Wall street seem greatly surprised and disappointed over the coal strike. They had been assured by the operating corporations that there would be no strike, and such was the confidence placed in this assurance that up to the time of the actual breaking out of the

strike the stocks of the coal roads and other stocks were bid up in the market. "The street" was deceived, and the market now sags heavily under the apprehension that grave consequences to "industrial prosperity" will ensue if the strike is allowed to continue.

But the fact cannot be concealed, even by the capitalist press, that capital alone stands in the way of an immediate end of the strike. The miners are willing to arbitrate, and the syndicated operators refuse.

The strike in the anthracite coal region is the most complete ever inaugurated there, not excepting that of two years ago. Prior to that time, or to the extension of the United Mine Workers' Union from the bituminous coal field to include the anthracite miners, the latter had never been thoroughly organized, and a strike in one district would usually be accompanied by continued work in the other districts of the anthracite region, and in consequence would usually result in failure. Now the operators are confronted by a compact union of all the miners throughout the hard coal region, and so comprehensive is this control of the labor situation that the companies are to make no effort to contest it. They are adopting a passive policy. They will wait until the men get tired of idleness and are starved back to work; and so the strike begins in great quiet with preparations going on for a long siege on both sides. Work is everywhere being suspended. The mules are being taken out of the mines and put to pasture. The coal roads are discharging men by hundreds as traffic falls off. Local transportation and business in the affected region already begin to suffer.

Of the total yearly production of anthracite coal, amounting to about 54,000,000 tons, the three states of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey consume about 65 per cent, or 35,000,000 tons. The New England states take 15 per cent, or a little over 8,000,000 tons, and the western states about 12 per cent,



or 6,500,000 tons. Canada and the southern states each take about 2,000,000 tons. Years ago anthracite coal was extensively used in manufacturing and transportation, but now such use is largely confined to districts no more remote from the coal fields than New York city. Beyond that limited area the consumption of hard coal is almost entirely confined to the stoves and furnaces in the dwellings of the people. A suspension of production in the summer season, accordingly, will not directly affect manufacturing to any great extent, except in the country adjacent to the mines. A strike of the soft coal miners would be vastly more effective than this of the hard coal men, but it seems unlikely that they will be called out unless the operators try to break the strike by using the product from the bituminous mines in the anthracite districts; or unless the operators should precipitate action by a show of force.

The following dispatches, at hand as we go to press, are significant in connection with Spargo's letter:

Scranton, Pa., May 30.—At a meeting of engineers, pump runners and firemen held here to-day the men decided to go on strike Monday. Representatives were present from collieries operated by the New York, Ontario & Western Company, the Lackawanna and the Delaware & Hudson. Several of the companies in the Lackawanna valley are putting cots in their mines and are expecting a long strike.

Pottsville, May 30.—Armored trains of cars, with loopholes for rifles and revolvers, were sent to different parts of the Schuylkill coal regions to-day. They were provided for the use of special policemen at the collieries.



## Among the Strikers

(Special Fellowship correspondence of John Spargo)

The strike of the coal miners of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania has entered upon the third week of its exist-

ence. About 147,000 men are on strike, and, in addition, some 50,000 railway workers have been rendered idle. Yet, a stranger coming into one of the great centers of the strike, as I did into Wilkesbarre, a few days ago, might well imagine that the crowds of idle men in the market place, betoken nothing more serious than a general holiday, or, at worst, an ordinary "suspension" at the mines. There is no disorder and little visible agitation to indicate the fact of a great industrial war. But beneath the surface there is a great deal of uneasiness; the air is full of rumors, and the miners shake their heads and say there will be "ructions." A strike like this, affecting as it does the whole life of the nation, attracts a great deal of attention, and "special correspondents" are arriving here every day. One of these laughingly said to me yesterday, "I am the special war correspondent of the ——" and I suppose he thought it was a good joke to talk of the situation as a war, but a Welsh miner that I met here on the day of my arrival had said with a grim earnestness, "My God, it's a civil war," and he was right. It is war.

This Welsh miner was upon a street car talking to a companion and I thought I knew the accent. "From Dowlais, are you, butty?" I inquired. He seemed startled and replied, "No, Merthyr; where be you from?" Merthyr is only a mile or so from Dowlais, and I had very nearly placed him. Then we fell to talking; he had been through the South Wales strike of 1899 and remembered my name. "I tell you, butty," he said, "it's the same everywhere, in one country as well as another, we're robbed of our rightful earnings and they as don't work take what is ours." I gave him some literature and with a word of Cymric cheer we parted.

There are thousands of Welshmen here, and the Eisteddfod is quite an established institution. Some day perhaps we shall enlist the marvelous song-power of these men for Socialism and they will sing the gospel of discontent

and liberty into the hearts of their fellows.

The demand of the miners is for an increase of five per cent per ton on the contract price; an eight-hour day; a just system of weighing the coal, and recognition of their union. I have not been able to secure any very satisfactory statement as to the wages they obtain here. The accounts vary considerably as might be expected, where men are paid by the ton and have to pay for laborers, oil, powder, etc., out of the amounts earned. According to the figures published by the State Bureau of Statistics it would seem, however, that last year the miners worked an average of 194 days each, earning an average of \$1.28 a day, which means an average of less than 80 cents a day for the year. From the same report it is seen that one man out of every 200 is killed each year.

But the miners seem to attach most importance to the demand for an eight-hour day and that for a better and more just method of weighing coal. At present the coal is not weighed as between the miner and the company. The miner has to fill the wagon at the point where he raises the coal, so that it gives a six-inch topping when raised. Now since in transit a quantity of coal is split--from no fault of the miner--it is obvious that an injustice is done. There is a "docking boss" and if he decides that the wagon is not "topped" enough he "docks" the men half a wagon or so. In the course of a month this runs up to a considerable quantity and the men have no redress. They want, therefore, a definite weighing system and to appoint check-weighers to watch their interests as the British miners, and, I believe the soft coal miners of this country do.

Up to the present there has been a good deal of uncertainty as to whether the engineers, firemen and pump runners would join in the strike but it now seems fairly certain that the bulk

of these will join the miners on June 2d. Meantime, the coal owners are preparing for bitter measures. A large number of special coal police armed with Winchester's have been sworn in, and only last night quantities of rifles and ammunition were secretly taken into the South Side collieries of Hazelton. It also leaked out yesterday that the Fourth, Ninth and Thirteenth regiments are under orders for Monday next, although everything is as quiet and peaceful as a Quaker meeting. Thus they seem determined to create trouble.

Meantime there is some talk of a settlement through Mark Hanna's Civic Federation. But the men do not trust the Civic Federation. Repeatedly when I have mentioned it or the name of Mr. Ralph Easley, its secretary, bitter hisses and groans have greeted the names. It is evident that the miners do not approve, either, of Mitchell's connection with the Federation. "It's Mark Hanna's," they say, "and he is our enemy."

Meantime, they flock to our meetings, and it is a pity that we have not twenty men in the field with literature. During my brief stay, I am lecturing twice daily to large and interested audiences. Maily will follow me, I understand, shortly and I may be able to return for a few days later on if the strike continues.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 28.



## No Compromise!

PAUL SHIVELL

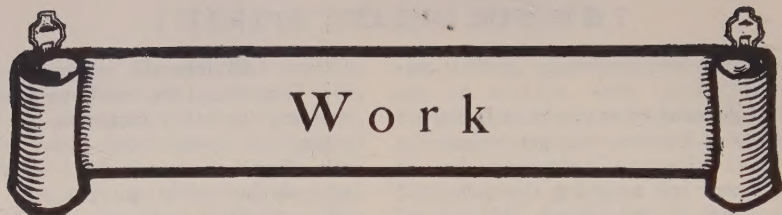
Fight on, fight on, till the last victory's won!

All men one blood, no slave beneath the sun!

Fight on, my men, fight on, and give not o'er

Till we leave peace on earth, blood will forevermore!





# Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way:"

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.  
—Henry Van Dyke in *THE OUTLOOK*.

But the prevention of discontent will be the prior study, to which the intellect and the energies of the nobles and their legates will be ever bent. To that end the teachings of the schools and colleges, the sermons, etc., will be skillfully and persuasively molded.

—W. J. Ghent: "*The Next Step: A Benevolent Feudalism*" (*THE INDEPENDENT*, April 3, 1902).

## THE MINER SPEAKS.

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
A thousand feet from daylight in the  
mirk,  
Bent double in a narrow vein of coal;  
While at his desk some lady-handed  
shirk  
Writes poems of the sunshine of the  
soul,  
A-preaching what my tired heart should  
say.

What boots it if swift death lurks close  
beside  
To snuff my life out at a candle's flame,  
The low walls reek with seeping wet,  
The fire-dew creeps my shortened breath  
to claim,  
While far above me, curst by naked  
need,  
Wife suckles babe, and hearts of daugh-  
ters bleed  
At giving all they have to shameless  
greed?  
What matters it! When the long shad-  
ows fall  
At eventide I'll play and love and rest!  
A Van Dyke tells me that my work is  
best.

## THE SWEATER SPEAKS.

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In sun-baked attic room or reeking  
shack,  
•My needle clicking to consumptive hack.  
My throbbing head, my stiff and aching  
back  
Are fitted best for this, the poets say.

Let me but find it in my heart to pray—  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray  
(Wishes for food, or hope of rest, a  
day)—  
"Ah let this be my blessing, not my  
doom!  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right  
way.  
Oh, let me sit and stitch and stitch  
always!"

## THE WEAVER SPEAKS.

Oh let me cheerful greet the laboring  
hours.  
From reddening dawn to silent gathering  
dark,  
Stalking with empty mind and nerves in  
shreds,



## THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

The endless travel of the running  
threads.

What care I for the woods and bloom-  
ing flowers?

This suits my spirit and this proves my  
powers!

What matter song of lark and radiant  
sky?

Another reason for my spirits high:

No one can tramp this floor so well as I,  
Oh, let me watch the looms until I die!

L'ENVOI.

Oh, Monuments of Greed, who take  
from toil

The joy and hope that should in toil  
abide,

How fortunate art thou, that at thy side  
A singer sweet, with specious song is  
set

To counsel patience in the face of  
wrong,

While Justice sleeps, and Tyranny is  
strong

To keep her throne on Labor's back, so  
long!

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## Renunciation

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Tolstoy seems to have carried his theories into practice even in the smallest details of life. On one occasion he mounted a bicycle belonging to that aristocratic son of his. He soon mastered the art of balance, and was delighted with the swift, smooth motion. His wife noticed his enjoyment and immediately offered to give him a machine. Tolstoy at first accepted, but, on reconsidering the matter he decided that as other less favored mortals could not afford to possess bicycles he had no right to one either. So he declined the gift and renounced the pleasant exercise.

—*London News.*

Leo Tolstoy has probably done as much to stir the conscience and arouse a hatred and disgust of the world's injustice as any living person.

To paint human society as it is, in all its hideous hypocrisy, seems to be his mission; and he does it well. His indictment is scathing, and he hits the mark. There is no escaping him.

But when the unattractive social edifice has been levelled there must begin the process of construction; and negation is not a stable super-structure.

To renounce is not to build. It is Tolstoy's remedy, so far as he offers one, that does not satisfy.

No one can fail to respect the man who voluntarily denies himself comforts and satisfactions that other men do not have: but we may admire a chivalrous action even when we are convinced of its futility.

To deny oneself a bicycle because all men do not have bicycles does not help

other men to have bicycles.

If bicycles grew like North poles or Equators,—only one in the world; not enough under any circumstances to go round,—Tolstoy's generous renunciation might minister to human need. Bicycles, however, can be duplicated; as many can be produced as there are human bipeds to bestride them.

By the same token, if Tolstoy were to stop eating there would be no lessening of the number of Russian children who go to bed hungry.

It is better for one to eat his fill that he may have the strength to strive that all others may be fed.

In a world in which there is enough for all, he who denies himself his share may unwittingly force a like denial upon others, and encourage, in the thoughtless strong, a grasping spirit.

The principle of renunciation is not a true principle. It has its roots in a lurking pride.

I will some day refuse to allow you to gain for yourself a fancied nobility by my ignoble acceptance of the thing you renounce.

You shall serve me if you like, and I will love you for it, and serve you in return: but you shall sacrifice for me not a bit.

The free spirit hates a debt.

Renunciation is a cardinal principle of a ruling-class religion;—for-us-to-preach and you-to-practice kind. It has been taught the workers ever since *wages* were a reality;—and before.

The people have grown accustomed to the idea that it is a virtue to "give up"; a very agreeable philosophy in the eyes of the exploiters; it makes the workers so easy.

The ruling class furnishes the teachers. When a working-class teacher bobs up they put him to death as a disturber of "order." A carpenter tried it once.

Into this teaching of renunciation has been subtly woven a covert bribe. "Give up in this world and heaven is for you," is the refrain of it. And the poor people like the idea of getting something *sometime*.

They've gone without so very, very long.

"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven," sings the priest as his fingers clutch the collection-box.

It is a pretty song.

It seems to the people as if they were putting money out at interest. They deny themselves the fun of spending it now, to enjoy the fun of spending it, with the increase, later on.

When they get to heaven there it will all be;—all the coin—barring a few dollars which the priests spend.

Middle-ages literature is full of examples of spectacular renunciation.

Men used to go out of the towns and live in caves in the hills; and never wash, or comb their hair.

These were called "holy" men.

They renounced everything except rags, and lice, and the crusts of bread the sinners brought them.

Some of these men were fakirs, but most of them were sincere; they voluntarily suffered cold and hunger in the belief that the world was to be "saved" that way.

But they did not make the world a whit easier to live in. Down in the towns other men and women, and little children were fasting too, and not taking any holy credit for it. They were working, and producing clothing and shelter and food that the ruling class was taking from them, just as it is doing in the towns today. And when a member of the ruling class would do some thing which he ought not to have done or leave undone some thing which he ought to have done and there was no health in him, he would take a little of the food which the hungry men and women and little children of the town were producing and carry it up and feed the hermit with it, and the hermit would howl and sing and do things with his hands just as the priests do today:—for provender.

The only difference is, that today the cave of the priest is better than the cave of the hermit and it has a bath-room in it.

But the fact to be gleaned is that the renunciation of the hermit then, served no more to abolish injustice than does the annunciation of the priest now.

To renounce is not to solve the problem.

*It is to run away from the problem.*

The Russian oligarchy is quite willing that Tolstoy should give up his property and go and work for his living. It would simplify a number of poor Nicholas' problems if a lot of the other Counts would go and do the same thing. Monarchy has no quarrel with that kind of a philosophy; that is the spirit of the people it can best thrive upon.

But there was a prince of its own realm whom the Russian government put in prison, who escaped therefrom, and who is now living an exile in England. This man, Peter Kropotkin, got his personal problem mixed up with the social



problem. He was not content to go off and renounce by himself. He thought that renunciation was such a good thing that he would not monopolize it. He offered to pass it around among the Russian ruling class. He wanted to give the Russian "nobles" a chance to fathom the meaning of nobility.

And they got after him good and hard.

They were quite satisfied with Russian affairs as they were, thank you. But affairs were pretty bad.

From the way things seem to be boiling in Russia just now there is an indication that there will soon be something doing.

Perhaps when things really get going Kropotkin may go back to Russia on a visit and help out. The ruling class is getting ready to renounce.

That Tolstoy believes the world is to be saved by renunciation is not to be doubted.

But he has had his fling.

He lived a fast and luxurious life; he practically exhausted modern social possibilities; he is tired of it all.

To do what he is doing may be best—for him.

Life is the arena in which experience is to be gained. Tolstoy has gained his.

But the people will not follow him; not because he is not a noble and sincere soul; but because his principles of renunciation are abnormal and out of harmony with life.

Life is meant for happiness, not for gloom.

*The pleasures which surfeited Tolstoy, and disgusted him with life, are all normal pleasures twisted out of focus by an evil social system.*

Tolstoy sees that no one can be happy in such an evil state and so calls upon all true souls to renounce happiness and leave the state.

But there is another thing to do.

*Stay in the state, and change it; make it the instrument of happiness instead of the instrument of tyranny and injustice.*

The state is but a tool: the people can

make of it what they will; it is like a ship; it can be steered in pleasant places;—and it can drift upon the rocks; there must always be enough true men to man the shrouds.

To a man who stands, heartsick and weary, contemplating the hypocrisy, the shameless greed, the fathomless injustice of human society, the easiest solution which presents itself is to go away from it all; to fly to some quiet spot and live out his individual life alone, earning his bread with his hands and eating it in peace.

But this is not to solve the problem: it is to give it up: it is to seek a place of refuge.

No man is to be blamed for doing this; many a one strives greatly in the cause of justice and retires, beaten, at the end.

An overcome hero is a hero still. A man can do only what he may and no single blow for liberty is struck in vain. Because we may not strive through to the end should ne'er persuade us not to strive at all.

But the heroic soul is he who, heart-sick, weary as his fellow, hating strife, loving peace, and yearning, too, to fly and leave it all, yet stays in the heat and dust and struggle of the world-old conflict; striving on, hoping against hope; believing it is the highest because it is the hardest test of manhood; whose love for the poor tired toilers of the world is so great, whose human sympathies are so wide that he will not leave his brothers in their hopeless strife, so long as he has strength to stand.

This is a higher than renunciation, for it solves the individual problem in the social problem.

Until the social whole has been perfected we have reached the summit of the individual; strife for individual supremacy ends in a circle.

Individual men are no better and no worse than they were two thousand years ago. The Carpenter of Nazareth has not yet been surpassed for manhood; Plato for philosophy: Phidias for art: Pericles

for oratory;—and Judas Iscariot goes about today in a frock coat.

*The progress the world has made has been SOCIAL progress.*

We have improved the uses of the State a trifle; that is all.

To see this truth is to make another truth more clear:

We can deny ourselves, and sacrifice, and choke back our human desires;—and this discipline is good; it may refine us and purify us,—*but it is not all: it leaves our greatest duty unfulfilled.*

To serve the social whole: to understand its needs and its crises; to do the thing from day to day which will make most for the uplifting of the entire race: that is the problem of the individual life, than which there is no greater.

For the foremost man is held back by the hindmost man; the Universe is run by block signals; any human wreck, anywhere, closes the line.

Individual salvation is a lie born of a selfish heart, and when we most think

we are out of the mire, the arm of the Most Neglected reaches up from the pit and drags us back, into the dark.

Individual growth can only be attained by striving to perfect the social whole. When we address ourselves collectively to perfecting the lowliest life; when equality of opportunity shall at last allow one man to attain to what he would be without crushing another in the process; then and then only will latent individual powers become manifest: powers with which, who knows? we may read the story of the stars.

We cannot build ourselves at another's cost.

This is the Law.

We cannot evade the duty of the individual to the mass: nor the duty of the mass to the individual. Life is one.

To renounce, is but to run away.

We shall stay with our fellow: and struggle with him: and suffer with him; and, if need be, die with him, until at last the Dawn shall come.

## A Southern Mill Girl

BY JOHN L. HEATON

I wish the day would run away;  
 I wish 'twas night once more.  
 My eyelids close, but when I doze  
 The big looms growl and roar  
 Like bears, and make me start and wake  
 A-crying as I work;  
 And the hot air chokes us little folks—  
 I know it's bad to shirk,

But the swinging birds are singing; but-  
 terflies are in the air,  
 And the honey bees in sunny gardens  
 buzz; if I was there  
 They might flit, or hum, or twitter—  
 but I wouldn't stir all day.  
 I'd be keeping still and sleeping. I'm  
 just tired, too tired to play.



# The Thing Called Government

BY LEO. TOLSTOY

(In which Mr. Tolstoy pays his respects to the "war lord," Mr. Hohenzollern.)

Apart from outbursts of revenge or anger, violence is used only in order to compel some people, against their own will, to do the will of others. But the necessity to do what other people wish against your own will is slavery. And therefore, as long as any violence, designed to compel some people to do the will of others, exists there will be slavery.

All the attempts to abolish slavery by violence are like extinguishing fire with fire, stopping water with water, or filling up one hole by digging another.

Therefore, the means of escape from slavery, if such means exist, must be found, not in setting up fresh violence, but in abolishing whatever renders governmental violence possible. And the possibility of governmental violence, like every other violence perpetrated by a small number of people upon a larger number, has always depended, and still depends, simply on the fact that the small number are armed, while the large number are unarmed, or that the small number are better armed than the large number.

That has been the case in all the conquests: it was thus the Greeks, the Romans, the Knights, and Pizarros conquered nations, and it is thus that people are now conquered in Africa and Asia. And in this same way in times of peace all governments hold their subjects in subjection.

As of old, so now, people rule over other people only because some are armed and others are not.

In olden times the warriors, with their chiefs, fell upon the defenseless inhabitants, subdued them and robbed them, and all divided the spoils in proportion to their participation, courage

and cruelty; and each warrior saw clearly that the violence he perpetrated was profitable to him. Now, armed men (taken chiefly from the working classes) attack defenseless people: men on strikes, rioters, or the inhabitants of other countries, and subdue them and rob them—that is, make them yield the fruits of their labor—not for themselves, but for people who do not even take a share in the subjugation.

The difference between the conquerors and the governments is only that the conquerors have themselves, with their soldiers, attacked the unarmed inhabitants and have, in cases of insubordination, carried their threats to torture and to kill into execution; while the governments, in cases of insubordination, do not themselves torture or execute the unarmed inhabitants, but oblige others to do it who have been deceived and specially brutalized for the purpose, and who are chosen from among the very people on whom the government inflicts violence.

Thus, violence was formerly inflicted by personal effort, by the courage, cruelty and agility of the conquerors themselves, but now violence is inflicted by means of fraud.

So that if formerly, in order to get rid of armed violence, it was necessary to arm one's self and to oppose armed violence by armed violence, now when people are subdued, not by direct violence, but by fraud, in order to abolish violence it is only necessary to expose the deception which enables a small number of people to exercise violence upon a larger number.

The deception by means of which this is done consists in the fact that the small number who rule, on obtaining

power from their predecessors, who were installed by conquest, say to the majority: "There are a lot of you, but you are stupid and uneducated, and cannot either govern yourselves or organize your public affairs, and, therefore, we will take those cares on ourselves; we will protect you from foreign foes, and arrange and maintain internal peace among you; we will set up courts of justice, arrange for you and take care of public institutions—schools, roads and the postal service—and in general we will take care of your well-being; and in return for all this you only have to fulfil those slight demands which we make, and, among other things, you must give into our complete control a small part of your incomes, and you must yourselves enter the armies which are needed for your own safety and government."

And most people agree to this, not because they have weighed the advantages and disadvantages of these conditions (they never have a chance to do that), but because from their very birth they have found themselves in conditions such as these.

If doubts suggest themselves to some people as to whether all this is necessary, each one thinks only about himself, and fears to suffer if he refuses to accept these conditions; each one hopes to take advantage of them for his own profit, and every one agrees, thinking that by paying a small part of his means to the government, and by consenting to military service, he cannot do himself very much harm. But, in reality, submission to the demands of government deprives him of all that is valuable in human life.

And when the soldiers are enrolled, and hired, and armed, they are subjected to a special training called discipline, introduced in recent times, since soldiers have ceased to share the plunder.

Discipline consists in this, that by complex and artful methods, which have been perfected in the course of

ages, people who are subjected to this training and remain under it for some time are completely deprived of man's chief attribute, rational freedom, and become submissive, machine-like instruments of murder in the hands of their organized heierarchical stratocracy. And it is in this disciplined army that the essence of the fraud dwells which gives to modern governments dominion over the peoples.

In the "Arabian Nights" there is a story of a traveller who, being cast upon an uninhabited island, found a little old man with withered legs sitting on the ground by the side of a stream. The old man asked the traveller to take him on his shoulder and to carry him over the stream. The traveller consented; but no sooner was the old man settled on the traveller's shoulders than the former twined his legs round the latter's neck and would not get off again. Having control of the traveller, the old man drove him about as he liked, plucked fruit from the trees and ate it himself, not giving any to his bearer, and abused him in every way.

This is just what happens with the people who give soldiers and money to the governments. With the money the governments buy guns and hire or train up by education subservient, brutalized military commanders. And these commanders, by means of an artful system of stupefaction, perfected in the course of ages and called discipline, make those who have been taken as soldiers into a disciplined army. When the governments have in their power this instrument of violence and murder, that possesses no will of its own, the whole people are in their hands, and they do not let them go again, and not only prey upon them, but also abuse them, instilling into the people, by means of a pseudo-religious and patriotic education, loyalty to and even adoration of themselves—that is, of the very men who keep the whole people in slavery and torment them.

It is not for nothing that all the kings,



emperors, and presidents esteem discipline so highly, and are so afraid of any breach of discipline, and attach the highest importance to reviews, maneuvers, parades, ceremonial marches and other such nonsense. They know that it all maintains discipline, and that not only their power, but their very existence depends on discipline.

A disciplined army is not even required for a defensive war, as has often been shown in history and as was again demonstrated the other day in South Africa. A disciplined army is only needed for conquest—that is, for robbery, or for fratricide or parricide, as was expressed by that most stupid or insolent of crowned personages, William II, who made a speech to his recruits telling them that they had sworn obedience to him, and ought to be ready to kill their own brothers and fathers should he desire it. Disciplined armies are the means by which they, without using their own hands, accomplish the greatest atrocities, the possibility of perpetrating which gives them power over the people.

And, therefore, the only means to destroy governments is not force, but it is the exposure of this fraud. It is necessary people should understand: First, that in Christendom there is no need to protect the peoples one from another; that all the enmity of the peoples, one to another, is produced by the governments themselves, and that armies are only needed by the small number of those who rule; for the people it is not

only unnecessary, but it is in the highest degree harmful, serving as the instrument to enslave them. Secondly, it is necessary that people should understand that the discipline which is so highly esteemed by all the governments is the greatest of crimes that man can commit, and is a clear indication of the criminality of the aims of the governments. Discipline is the suppression of reason and of freedom in man, and can have no other aim than preparation for the performance of crimes such as no man can commit while in a normal condition. It is not even needed for war, when the war is defensive and national, as the Boers have recently shown. It is wanted and wanted only for the purpose indicated by William II—for the committal of the greatest crimes, fratricide and parricide.

The terrible old man who sat on the traveller's shoulders behaved in the same way: he mocked him and insulted him, knowing that as long as he sat on the traveller's neck the latter was in his power.

And it is just this fraud, by means of which a small number of unworthy people, called the government, have power over the people, and not only impoverish them, but do what is the most harmful of all actions—pervert whole generations from childhood upwards—just this terrible fraud which should be exposed, in order that the abolition of government and of the slavery that results from it may become possible.

## Who's Afraid?

BY PAUL E. MORE

King Alphonso XIII of Spain attained his majority Saturday and became king in fact as well as in name, having reached the age, 16, prescribed in the constitution.—*Chicago Tribune*.

I see a dog—no stone to shy at him;  
Yonder a stone—no dog's in view:  
There is your dog, here stones to try at  
him—  
The king's dog! What's a man to do?

# THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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## EDITORIAL

Tuesday's eruption from Mont Pelee was violent in the extreme. Colossal columns of volcanic matter were ejected from the volcano, which rained huge, red-hot boulders on the ruins of St. Pierre and the country near it, from an enormous elevation and with fearful velocity. The volcanic clouds advanced until they reached Fort de France. The rays of the rising sun lighted them until the clouds looked like molten metal suspended in the air and rolling over the city. The spectacle was appalling and sublime beyond description. The whole population of Fort de France was thrown into a frenzy of panic, during which soldiers, police, men and women, all terrified, frantic, weeping and praying, rushed through the streets.—*Springfield Republican*.

**I**T is strange that only in the presence of catastrophe it should become clear that there is nothing in the world worth preserving except human life.

When the earth trembles, soldiers forget that their mission is to kill; policemen pay little attention to the property they are hired to protect, and the transient and worthless character of *things*, valued beside life, forces itself abruptly upon the common comprehension.

*This great truth, now obscured by almost every convention of human society, and collectively recognized only in moments of cosmic threatening, must eventually be wrought into the fiber of all human thought if organic life is finally to escape annihilation.*

Mont Pelee has given its warning to the world.

Slowly the great crust of the earth contracts, forcing to the surface at the equator its liquid interior fires; slowly at the poles the ice-caps thicken, storing up the destruction of another glacial slide. All this bespeaks the inevitable: that the earth will some day be like the moon, dragging around her orbit, a barren waste, where once was warmth and plenty.

And what of the life for which the uncounted ages seem but a preparation?

When the hour of extinction comes is humanity to be exterminated like rats in a trap? When that awful hour at last arrives is it to find human beings still fighting one another in vulgar economic strife—like swine scrambling for food, treading the bounty of the earth in the mire—while the very Cosmos calls for a rescuing hand?

In the face of all terrifying visitations of inorganic might, there is one power in the universe which can cope with it and overcome it: INTELLIGENCE.



Man possesses it ; and it is amplified in direct proportion to his use of it.

If the race is finally to endure, we must learn how to use this great power in the preservation of life, *and we must begin thus to use it pretty soon.*

The desire to preserve life does not now animate human society. In the United States alone, every year, more human beings die of starvation and of diseases induced by starvation than were destroyed by the eruption at Martinique.

In a country of plenty one thing only is responsible for this iniquity : disregard for human life.

The Mont Pelee of our mal-adjusted society is always in eruption ; the lava of a purblind social selfishness is always smothering the one thing society can ever look to for its preservation.

Nothing can preserve life except life itself. A prayer to god or devil has never yet stopped a flow of lava.

If the race of men is ever to fulfill a noble destiny, man himself must be the instrument ; in him are all the possibilities of the Force he calls God.

If *we* are careless of life, who is to work out life's final preservation? A moment of cosmic terror is not the time to pray : it is the time to *do* something.

There may be born to-night in the squalor of a New York tenement, reared upon alley refuse and turned out to tramp, a man who has in his brain the power to save the race from extinction.

By destroying *any* life we may destroy *the* life.

It is foolish for us to wait for a cataclysm to rouse our intelligence to action. If we only will it so we can perceive elemental truths without earthquakes to stimulate their perception.

*If the collective will of the world to-day would even follow the truth it already perceives, it could make up for the past ages of bloodshed and brutality and waste of human life by making the next thousand years ring throughout the universe!*

Is it nothing that a hundred tons may be moved like a feather by the power in a copper thread — *plus* Intelligence?

Is it nothing that by the pulsations in a medium so subtile that the senses of man cannot perceive it, Marconi signals across the ocean waste?

INTELLIGENCE knows the force, and the media through which that force must act.

Who then shall say we may not yet signal, nay, *travel* from planet to planet?

Who shall say that when the hour of earth-extinction comes man may not have foretold its coming and prepared his flight to Jupiter, whose crust is hardening through the centuries in preparation for organic life?

Who knows how many worlds in all the vast universe flung from the blistering suns, have been prepared for organic life, and have whirled their way through the ages to extinction without producing anything so great as man?

Who knows but on some distant planet swinging around some splendid sun, a race of beings like to us has grown out of the vulgar mire of competitive warfare and is working—all its units together—in a god-like harmony, flinging electric signals at our earth; signals which our undeveloped intelligence can not yet recognize?

The race cannot fathom cosmic depths in a moment—nor in a generation. The earth may yet endure for many thousands of years; but to save life at the end we must begin to value life now. The great forces which to-day turn the wheels of industry: steam, electricity, are the fruition of ages and ages of collective intelligence. A century is but a day of cosmic life; but every generation of men, living its little span, may serve in making life better and brighter; in lifting the race onward and upward toward its now obscure but someday manifest destiny.

And now, more than in any period of recorded history, dimly, but hopefully, the dream of a noble race-life is possessing the hearts of the people.

In the last fifty years there has been born, here upon our earth, an ideal of a harmonious society; a society that shall recoup the age-long waste of human life; a society that shall produce a thousand Marconis in a single generation, when once its beneficent influence shall have shone upon the race; a society that shall at last lift man out of the mire and fit the humblest child to contribute all the intelligence in the inmost recesses of his brain to the uplifting and glorifying of the race; a society in which the *collective will* shall leave the Mont Pelees of the globe to belch in gloomy grandeur over barren wastes, while in the pleasant places of the earth men and women and children live comrade lives among the birds and flowers, sending love-beckonings to the friendly stars.

"Is it a dream?

Nay but the lack of it the dream,  
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,  
And all the world a dream."



# I Will Build



BY GEORGE D HERRON

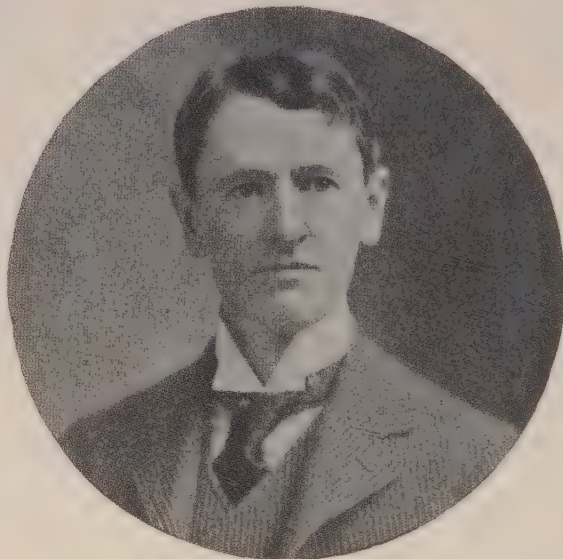
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On foundations swept clean by flames,  
Out of resources uncovered by storms,  
With infinite values thrust into my hands,  
I will build a life for the comrade-years—  
A life delivered from the torment and the shadows,  
A life that is done with the blight of owners,  
A life that is finished with the insult of rulers,  
A life blasphemed no more by priests,  
A life as naked as the truth,  
As innocent as the breath of roses,  
Made of the primal integrity of the earth,  
And root and blossom of the substance of things.  
I will build after the pattern I received in the mount  
    of my beholding.  
I will not look back nor explain, as I build.  
The winds and the flowers and the hills do not try  
    to justify themselves, or take account of their  
    ways, or explain what they are.  
I will be like the winds and the flowers and the hills.  
I will build as the elements build, without questions  
    or answers.  
I will build for love and build with love.  
I will build in tenderness, granite and beauty,  
That the comrades who do not yet know may be  
    warmed and sheltered by my building,  
And that they may find a fortress in my shadow.

Pegli, Italy,  
April 18, 1902.



## William Thurston Brown



WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

Rev. William Thurston Brown, of Plymouth Congregational Church, surprised his congregation by reading from the pulpit last evening his resignation as pastor. No previous intimation had been given by the pastor of his intention to retire, and the announcement was entirely unexpected to most, if not all, his hearers.

A meeting of the congregation will be held soon to pass on the resignation, but Mr. Brown's decision to withdraw from the church is said to be final and not subject to possible reconsideration later. What plans Mr. Brown may have for the future are not known.

No Rochester pastor has been more before the public in the last three years, subject both to criticism and eulogy, than the pastor of Plymouth Church. As a preacher, scholar and thinker, Mr. Brown has taken high rank in this city. At the outset of his ministerial career in Rochester, four years ago, he attracted attention as one of the most liberal thinkers and most fearless preachers this city had seen or heard. The Herald has printed Mr. Brown's sermons each Monday morning almost from the first year of his ministry here, so that the public generally has become more familiar with his ideas than with those

of any other local preacher. In the early days Mr. Brown devoted himself mainly to theological subjects, treating them with a liberality of view not known in this city before. His sermons were couched in most eloquent language, far removed from the suggestion of sensationalism. Those who disagreed radically with the preacher's conclusions could not but be impressed with his earnestness of purpose, his sincerity of aim and the scholarly training of the man.

Here was no charlatan, straining after effects, seeking notoriety through sensational preaching, but a fearless, eloquent, brilliant student of men and of books, proclaiming in the clearest and most forcible language possible the result of his independent investigations in the field of theology.

For the last year or more Mr. Brown has been devoting himself in his pulpit utterances almost exclusively to the treatment of social and economic problems in their various phases. Oftentimes his evening sermon has been divorced entirely from theology and directed to labor questions that were suggested by current events.

Mr. Brown has been most industrious and most effective in his labor crusades, and his sermon-lectures have attracted

widespread attention throughout Western New York. In many other public places he has also proclaimed the rights of labor. With his pen he has often contributed articles, first to the *Social Age* and later to a publication entitled *Here and Now*, in both of which publications he was interested. His sermons were also reproduced in full in some national publications.

—*Rochester, N. Y. Herald, May 12, 1902.*

William Thurston Brown; stanch, noble, fearless William Thurston Brown, after vainly trying to do what many another man has tried to do, has cut the knot which he could not unravel, and is free from the church, forever.

If anywhere a church could have been carried over into the fight for a higher civilization, Plymouth Church, of Rochester, N. Y., was that church. In it there fraternized with many of the working class, as fine a lot of middle class liberal spirits as may be found in any city of the country.

And they all loved Brown; as everyone does who knows him.

Many a minister (minister is the name for Brown; one who helps, one who serves, one who ministers) has resigned his pulpit after preaching for an irksome while to the respectable Devil in the best pews.

In Plymouth church the respectable Devil did not have the best pews; he had no pew at all; Brown had preached him out.

No vibrations went up from the congregation to the slight figure in the pulpit save waves of love.

It is hard to resign a charge like that: when they love you, and want you to stay.

But you cannot put new wine into old bottles.

One or two men with fair middle-class incomes cannot carry a church like Plymouth without great sacrifice; and though the working-class gives all it can, by starving a little more here and there, the sum is not much.

Brown would not let the few who were carrying the financial burden, and

who were not able to do it, pay for his privilege of speaking the truth.

No church today can live without enthusiasm.

A church may *exist* by subsidy; it cannot live.

In a country village, where the only social activity centers about the church, people go there even to take naps; they are afraid they'll miss something.

Rochester is a city.

Where there are other things doing you must either have something to listen to from the pulpit or go for an example to other people who you think need it. *You* never need it.

No one ever went to Plymouth for an example to anyone. People went there to hear something.

This is contrary to the conventional idea of the church, and has been,—ever since the church became an institution. How not to preach it, and how not to hear it when it is preached: that is the churchly desideratum.

Brown preached it.

Brown preached it and made men love him while he did it, and that is hard to do.

If you don't believe it try it.

There is something about a church that balks one's efforts at truth. The very building seems to rebuke an interest in living things. It is an edifice of dead things: dead things that are respectable.

*Life*, in a church, takes on a kind of impertinence; it has an air of having gotten in by mistake.

You can galvanize a corpse, and make it jerk itself about; but you don't do much except to arrest decomposition for a little while.

By and by you get tired putting your good electricity to that purpose and you go and drive a trolley-car with it. You think you'll serve humanity a bit, anyhow.

That's how Brown feels now.

Plymouth Church is one of the largest in Rochester. It costs a fortune to heat it in the Winter.

Brown's devoted people are willing to carry the burden. But Brown thinks if they have any money they don't need they would better put it into some living institution.

To keep a mill going which requires so much effort to run that you don't get time to grind anything isn't worth while.

Brown got tired.

The church weighed like an incubus upon his spirit.

So he cut the knot.

It is good to be free.

What will Plymouth Church do?

There is no place in Rochester for another orthodox church, and you can

look on both sides of the street for another like Brown and not find him. A smaller man in Brown's pulpit would be pitiful.

Perhaps Plymouth Church will stand dark for awhile, waiting for another noble soul to attempt the impossible.

Plymouth Church, dark, would be an eloquent monument to Brown; the longer it stood empty the greater the proof that Browns don't come in bundles.

And then, somehow, it is better for a church to be dead and dark than to be dead with the gas lit, as most of them are.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.





# The Need of Intellectual Honesty

BY WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN



One of the sermons preached by him at Plymouth Church

One of the speakers at the recent Episcopal Missionary Conference held in Rochester gave what seems to me to be the best reasons for missionary work that have ever come to my notice. He was speaking of China, and he said that the Chinese have no sense of truth and no idea of the value of justice. That is, they make no pretense of telling the truth, and in their courts judicial decisions go uniformly to the highest bidder. The purpose of Christian Missions, the speaker declared, is to give to the people of China these two things especially: to teach them to love and speak the truth and to instill into their minds a reverence and regard for justice.

I do not refer to this sentiment for the purpose of making it my text nor for the purpose of criticising it. On general principles, all good men and women must agree that missionary work is a prime necessity. It is inherent in human nature. If any body of people have a truth in their possession, they will inevitably seek to impart it to others. So has progress been made. If we have anything good, we are bound to share it with others. We cannot try to keep it selfishly without losing it altogether. Every nation must be a missionary nation. It has no more fundamental duty.

I have no sympathy with that political philosophy which would attempt to isolate the United States from the rest of the world. We have no more right to be political Pharisees than we have to be religious Pharisees. The one is no better than the other. If we have any religious truth, we are under most solemn obligation to give that truth to others—to publish and spread it as far as it is possible to do it. That duty rests upon the highest grounds. For truth is the

supreme good. It is the universal good. It cannot be a good thing for one and not a good thing for all. And here is our test of the truth. Nothing that we have or cherish can be the truth, unless it is equally good for all.

Now, if we could be sure of two or three things—or even one—in the sphere of religion as absolutely true, it would be our bounden duty to give those truths to the rest of the world. There might be some difference of opinion as to how the thing should be done, but none at all as to the duty of doing it. The trouble is, we have not acted on that principle. The things we have been most eager to impart to the “heathen” have never so far been things of which we could say that they were universal truths. On the contrary, we have been trying to impose upon the “heathen” simply and only our interpretations of an alleged “revelation.” That is exactly what missionary work has thus far been and is today. It corresponds, therefore, to the religious activity of the Jewish church in the time of Jesus, of which he said: “Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more a child of hell than yourselves.” Those searching words of Jesus, it seems to me, describe exactly what is taking place today. We are making proselytes, and nothing more. Indeed, we have no religious equipment for anything else. At home and abroad the Christian Church is making proselytes. It has nothing in common with the spirit or aim of Jesus, or with that of any other of the world’s prophets, ancient or modern. It counts all its gains in that way, and in no other. Church officials invariably ask, How many? How much? We have statistics of quantity. We have

no statistics and we do not bother to make any which shall measure quality.

The Christian Church is doing the best it can. It cannot be expected to do more. It is fulfilling what it regards as its function. It is doing all it is equipped to do. It is giving expression to all the principles and aspirations it possesses. So were the scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' day. They made proselytes. That was all they could make. They could not make out of men what Jesus could, for they possessed nothing of his equipment. It is true that he spoke rather strongly about them. But he was not censuring them. He simply pointed out their limitations. He indicated the real character of their work. And every word he uttered about them can be applied today with equal force and fitness to the Christian Church. Not one word would need to be changed in the 23d chapter of Matthew if Jesus could come to earth again and issue an address to the Christian Church.

It does not follow that the scribes and Pharisees were a vicious lot of people or that the members of the Christian Church are that kind of people. The scribes and Pharisees were the most respected people of their time—far more respected in the community and nation than Jesus or his disciples ever became. There are no people today more respectable than the members of the Christian Church. There is no class of people in the world whose conduct is more in accordance with existing and established standards of morals or ethics than theirs. But there was nothing of the Christianity of Jesus in the Pharisees and scribes, and there is nothing of it in their lineal posterity now.

It is a fact that our missionaries in China and elsewhere are quite closely connected with our commercial interests in those countries. Truth and justice are not primary essentials in commerce. One does not associate the two ideas as intimately as he does some other ideas that he can readily think of. We associate advertising with commerce—and

advertising cannot be successful if it adheres too closely to the truth. With international commerce we associate national rivalry and diplomacy, neither of which suggests very strongly the idea of truth or justice. Our godly ancestors who purchased from the Indians large tracts of land by means of strings of beads and other like trinkets were great diplomats. But we do not on that account use pictures of those little transactions to symbolize the idea of justice or truth.

Has justice anything to do with commerce? That is, is commerce supposed to aim at justice? Is justice a primary consideration in all commercial transactions? It is said that a decision in the Chinese courts always goes to the highest bidder. How far removed are we from the Chinese in that respect? Decisions in our courts do not always go to the highest bidder. They sometimes do. And is it not true that even a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States is not accepted by the mass of the people as necessarily an embodiment of justice? We accept that court's decisions sometimes, but it would simply be absurd to say that there is any great amount of reverence for it among us.

Then, too, there is not a legislative body in this country which has not an influential lobby connected with it. The very existence of a lobby is a commentary on us as a people. It means one of two things: either that our legislators cannot be trusted to do justice, or that they can be bribed to do injustice. The existence of the lobby discounts all our claims to justice.

Now, the missionaries we send to foreign countries are a part of the commercial machine. They are everywhere recognized as useful allies of trade. Trade follows the flag, and also the missionary, as Great Britain has gratefully acknowledged. The missionaries are saturated with the ideals of our western civilization. Their ethics are not the ethics of Jesus, but the ethics of the society in which they have been bred. It

is only one or two men in a generation who really rise above their ethical environment. Tolstoy is about the only one you can think of. You will not find a missionary in China or elsewhere who does not accept without question the idea that our business ethics are all right. They find no contradiction between the ethical principles embodied in the commercial relations which western nations sustain to China and the gospel they preach. They have no ethics in their gospel. Ethics has nothing to do with the Christianity of today.

But the main question which I wish to raise is whether the people of this country have the truth, whether they are interested in establishing the truth, or whether it is some substitute for the truth which they are seeking to impose on people. In a word, are we intellectually honest? And if we are not, is there some reason for it? And are there any conditions which would make us intellectually honest, any conditions which would tend to promote intellectual honesty among us?

Let us think seriously of the facts, and if they are as they seem to be, let us frankly admit them and act accordingly.

Civilization has proceeded far enough, so that there is a somewhat general acceptance among us of the idea that dishonesty in individual dealing on a small scale is decidedly wrong. Of course, when it comes to dealings on a large scale, it is a different question. There, honesty or dishonesty does not figure. To steal an orange from a fruit-stand or some small article from the counters of a crowded department store is a discreditable thing, and one of our church members who did such a thing would be visited by his pastor and labored with. But to steal the whole store is quite a different thing and goes by a different name. The man who was so fortunate as to be able to accomplish such a feat would surely be qualified for a high seat in the synagogue. To stop a man on a dark night and compel him at the point of a pistol to hand over his purse and

other valuables is robbery and not at all respectable. But to do exactly the same thing, on a much larger scale, involves no injustice and is done by all the large corporations constantly.

But it is intellectual dishonesty which seems to me altogether the most dangerous and menacing form of dishonesty prevalent in the world. And if any other country can excel our own in this respect, I could not on short notice name the country. I may be wrong, but after considerable observation it seems to me we hardly know the meaning of intellectual honesty in this country. At least, I doubt very much if the Christian Church has any knowledge of it. And I know no reason why it should have. Unless I am seriously mistaken, we have branded as infidels and atheists about the only persons who have begun to cultivate the virtue of intellectual honesty.

What would it mean to be intellectually honest? What does intellectual honesty require in a man? Does it not require him to be unbiased in his attitude toward truth? Does it not require him to accept truth, whencesoever it may come? Does it not forbid a man to prescribe the credentials which truth shall bear? We represent the figure of Justice as blindfold and holding the balances. We mean by that that justice cannot have any choice as to which way the scales incline. Justice cannot know favoritism. Neither can truth. It does not matter to justice or truth how the balances were yesterday or a year or a thousand years ago. Tradition cannot weigh with truth. Justice or truth knows no authority. No decree can sway the balances of justice. Not even a God can change them by a hair.

When a man assumes to be a religious teacher, it must be assumed that he knows something about his subject. We have a right to assume as much as we do in the case of the naturalist, surely—that he has taken some pains to verify his conclusions. In the case of the scientist of any sort, he must always be open to more light. How much more so in



the case of the student of religion. Whence come our religious teachers? From places called theological seminaries. Are these seminaries designed for the scientific search for truth, for facts, for principles? They are nothing of the kind. This one teaches Baptist theology, that one Congregational, another Universalist, another Presbyterian, another Episcopalian, another Roman Catholic. In other words, these various institutions are saying to the world: "We teach Baptist truth, or Congregational, or Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Catholic truth." And in so saying, they declare that they do not know the meaning of intellectual morality.

The truth is, as all thinking men are aware, we have no such thing as intellectual morality in the sphere of religion. We have made religion a department of human thought and action in which moral principles do not figure. We have not even succeeded in getting a conception of God that has any moral quality. The deity men pray to and exhibit in theological systems is not a moral being. He does not act in accord with immutable principles, but at his own caprice or to meet unforeseen emergencies.

For what purpose is a minister hired? What does the average church expect of him? Do they expect him to be a student of truth and life and to declare freely and frankly what he honestly believes to be the truth? Most certainly not. Even when they say so, we find they do not mean it.

No man can be intellectually honest who is under obligation to any partial interests of any sort. Intellectual honesty is unthinkable in the man who is bound by the terms of his contract or by the conditions under which he works to serve the interests of a church or a denomination or any fraction or class of the people. Nor can he be so, unless he is determined to take into account all the facts within his reach, and then follow the logic of those facts wherever it leads.

It does not establish the fact of a man's

honesty to prove that he only steals or robs a little or a part of the time, or to show that his victims still have something left, or that his stealing or robbing actually benefits a lot of people. Neither does it establish the fact of intellectual honesty, that a man accepts one or two items in his logic, and ignores 98 or 99 others. The man who follows truth must follow all the way. He that putteth his hand to the plow and looks back may be fit for membership in social clubs by the score, but he is not fit for the kingdom of heaven or the realm of truth. Truth will not share allegiance with anything else, whether it be church or school or state. Neither church nor school nor state has any such claim on men as the truth. Churches die, schools dissolve, states perish, but the truth remains.

The trouble is, too much is taken for granted. The preacher assumes the truth of his authority. He assumes the divine nature and sanction of the church—a sanction resting not at all upon anything the church is doing, but on an alleged supernatural decree. He assumes the infallibility of the bible. He assumes his whole case. And that is the fatal weakness of the church and of all its sponsors.

On the other hand, the average teacher in our schools assumes the justice of existing conditions. All our text-books assume that. The teacher of 50 years ago assumed the justice and permanence of the institution of slavery. The teacher of a thousand years ago assumed the justice and permanence of monarchy. The teacher of today assumes the justice and permanence of the wage-system.

Now, I hold that the teacher of physiology is not intellectually honest unless he takes into account the whole body. He cannot teach a complete or true physiology if he knows only the physiology of the hands or feet, or if he knows them only superficially. He is a trustworthy teacher only as he not only is acquainted with the structure and functions of the separate parts of the body, but also has them correlated in a

harmonious system—a system in which every part is equally honored and necessary. Neither is the teacher of political or social economy or education or of anything relating to the life of men intellectually honest unless he, too, is not only acquainted with the several parts or classes that constitute Society, but has all the parts correlated in a harmonious and just system.

What is true of the average teacher today? The average teacher of any subject which concerns the common life is not only class-conscious, but looks at the whole matter from the narrow and partial standpoint of some single class. The truth is, as John Ruskin so clearly saw half a century ago, we have no science of political economy. Neither have we any science of sociology or any other that relates to society. And why have we not? Because we have not satisfied the conditions of the creation of such a science. For the same reason that we had no science of astronomy until the invention of the telescope, no science of geology until men had examined the earth's crust, no science of biology until men had taken the pains to investigate the facts.

One can get some idea of how much value the average treatise is when he thinks, for example, how much value an essay on the rights of man would have, if written by a slave-holder before the civil war; or how much value a book on democracy from the pen of the German Kaiser, the Russian Czar, or the Turkish Sultan would have. One of these men is just as well qualified to write of democracy as the average teacher of political economy is to write on the question of wages.

It is only within the past few years that any attempt has been made to get any point of view other than that in which the teacher has been bred. Here and there a man has attempted to get the point of view of the working class—as in the case of Morris and Ruskin and Bellamy and Gronlund and of course Marx and Engels, and in some measure

Prof. Wyckoff of Princeton—and the result has been in every case a revelation.

Intellectual honesty requires also that a man follow his logic to its legitimate conclusion. It is the solemn duty of our educators to frankly tell the truth they know—to show exactly whither their logic leads. We have a right to expect these men to speak plainly to the people—to tell them exactly what the public school system implies. A man is under every honorable obligation to justify that which he accepts and defends. If we believe in the public school system, it is our duty to justify that belief and show what its legitimate conclusions are. The man who can tolerate or defend the public school system and at the same time tolerate or defend the existing economic system is intellectually dishonest and untrustworthy.

This world of ours is in process of change. Everything is fluent. We have reached the goal in no direction whatsoever. We are simply on the march—to quote the recent words of another: "We are animals—animals on the way." That which is is not that which shall be. To assume that what is is permanent is to deceive ourselves and others. We have not reached the end in religion or in science or in a political or industrial order. That fact we must frankly recognize. These things must change. They ought to change. For them not to change would mean death. Besides, the root of all human sin is this: the choice of the good instead of the better, of the better instead of the best.

Instead of assuming that the existing state is a finality, I would substitute the aspiration for and the determination to realize a better state. In every so-called reform which has taken place during the past centuries, the great mass of working men have been untouched by it. And this is because they have not been reckoned into the account. Every man is a reformer, but it is almost sure to be from the standpoint of his own interests. Clearly, a chain is as strong as its weakest link. And a government's worth is

to be seen in what it does for its humblest and weakest members.

Human action and human thought almost invariably follow the path of personal interest. Where our interests are or seem to be, there will our hearts and minds be. The world will be full of brotherhood thought and affection when its interests are made identical. Make the interests of men identical, federate the nations so that they are no longer rivals and we are not keeping alive the fiction that the interests of the miners and factory operatives of America are contrary to those of their brethren in Europe, substitute the needs of men as

men in the place of the artificial want of arbitrary national divisions of the earth's surface, and war will cease to be a possibility. It is abnormal conditions that create war. It is no part of human nature to delight in war and death and robbery. These are the products of iniquitous conditions. So is this whole disease of intellectual dishonesty which is undermining our manhood and making our religious and political institutions one vast hypocrisy. Take away these conditions, and the poet's dream will be in fair way of fulfillment—when

"Man to man shall brothers be  
The world o'er for all that."



## The Coming Race

BY FREDERICK KRAFFT

An enormous amount of time, energy and money is practically wasted upon a generation beset with prejudice and time-honored customs. It often requires years to convert men to socialist reasoning and it is but a matter of a few years before death wrests them from our grasp. The growing tendency of churches to organize "boy brigades," together with the following from the Hoboken (N. J.) OBSERVER may serve as a note of warning to socialists that the enemy is strengthening his position and that they must make counter-preparations.

S. E. Adams, senior vice-commander of Van Houten Post, of the Grand Army, is endeavoring to promote the appointment of a military instructor for the public schools of the county. The Grand Army influences secured the passage by congress in 1901 of an act designed to "secure to the United States such a knowledge of military affairs among the youth of the country as will render them efficient as volunteers if called upon for the national defense."

It provides that the president of the United States may be permitted to detail such retired officers of the army and

navy of the United States as in his judgment may be required for that purpose, to act as instructors in military drill and tactics in schools in the United States, where such instruction shall have been authorized by the educational authorities thereof, and where the services of such instructors shall have been applied for by said authorities, but that no detail shall be made to any school unless it shall pay the cost of commutation of quarters of the retired officers detailed thereto and the extra-duty pay to which the latter may be entitled by law to receive for the performance of special duty.

The act further authorizes the secretary of war to issue such ordinances as may be required for school practice.

About a year or two prior to the inception of the Spanish-American conflict, it was deemed advisable by those having the welfare (?) of this country at heart, to create a veneration for the flag by making it semi-obligatory to raise the stars and stripes over every schoolhouse in the land. In the schools of Jersey City the flag was hoisted in the assembly room at the opening of the school session and the children were obliged to



rise, salute and chatter the following form of worship:

\*"Flag of our grand republic, protector of our homes, we salute thee. We promise to defend thee against any foe. We promise to obey thy laws and institutions. Wherever thou art raised, there shalt thou remain. We pledge our lives, our hearts and our homes to thee, thou standard of liberty and virtue. Forever wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Do not laugh that our little innocents stand ready to die for Morgan. Do not think lightly of this matter and call it a silly notion of our educators. After the stunning defeat of the French by the German army thirty years ago, the victory was ascribed to the German schoolmaster; and the American schoolmaster is solely engaged for the purpose of winning the battles of Capitalism against Labor; of conservatism against progress. Labor is an overgrown, ignorant child, unruly and obstinate. It must be taught to understand that it will have to fight the great war of the near future. In other words the Socialist schoolmaster must prepare the coming generation for the inevitable conflict. Have we such schoolmasters and, if so, are they conscious of their high responsibility, and are they doing their duty as socialists?

The mind of every human being at birth is a blank. The brain of the infant is ready to receive whatever impressions of the world;—its immediate surroundings, choose to make upon it. Let every one remember that no one is born with his entire nativity stamped upon his physiognomy except in a limited sense. In other words, no one enters this world with an American, English, German, or any other nationality. Assuming that all human beings were endowed with the gift of speech with their advent into life, it is safe to say that not one would utter

the creed of the Protestant Church, declare its allegiance to the Pope, profess its undying faith in the Koran nor pledge to sacrifice itself for Old Glory or any other standard. This is only too well recognized by Church and State, and both bodies not only suffer little children to come unto them, but employ every stratagem, use every and all means to attract and influence the minds and hearts of the impressionable innocents. The result we know. This is the method responsible for the world as we now find it, and a similar method adapted to our reasoning will secure us the future, the near future.

The rising generation now five to fifteen years old will be entitled to suffrage within the next short period ranging from six to sixteen years. What an opportunity offers itself to Socialists! Within one generation an army of thoroughly trained voters imbued with the socialist spirit will march to the polls, to demand its own rights.

At present the Boards of Education are more easily captured for our purposes than the legislative chambers, and in my opinion are more desirable. Committees may call at Board meetings, especially our sister-comrades, and object to this or that taught in the schools and offer, or even demand substitutions. A number in the Board with progressive ideas is of course a consummation devoutly to be strived for. Our children may be induced to ask perplexing questions at school and Sunday school. This will not be without effect upon the classmates. Open-air speakers should not ignore the juvenile audience, on the contrary they should address them exclusively until a large adult assemblage is attracted. He can teach them truths which they never learn at school. The children in turn will mention much of what they have heard to their parents. I have found this maneuver to be quite effective, as children afterward have frequently accosted me on the street asking when I shall speak again. Above all

\*The fact that children are employed in the manufacture of American flags is but one of the many reasons why our child patriots should venerate this protective emblem!

we must either publish, without delay, juvenile literature in hand-bill form or devote a column or two to this object in our party papers or magazines. These few suggestions afford sufficient food for reflection and if some active comrades,

and above all our sisters in the movement, will hasten to cultivate this most important field of propaganda the harvest will be bountiful and the seeds obtained for still further and more successful dissemination.



LEON GREENBAUM, National Secretary Socialist Party

### Circular Letter

Below is a copy of circular issued by the National Committee of the Socialist Party to all sympathetic individuals and organizations.

Dear Sir and Brother:—We take this opportunity to inform your organization that since the outbreak of the present trouble, the daily newspapers of the entire country, with a few exceptions, are publishing only the most meagre accounts of the strike. The largest dailies in St. Louis have published practically no news whatever of the strike, in order to keep the workers of this city in the dark. The capitalists are conscious of the fact that the wide publication of such a great strike creates enthusiasm and confidence in the working class and corresponding depression among capi-

talists. They fear on the one hand, that the organized workers all over the country will render aid to the miners and on the other hand, investors will get frightened and withdraw their capital from the stock market. The same class of capitalists who own the mines own the newspapers and associated press agencies, and thus the suppression of the truth is easily accounted for. Our party has one hundred papers in the United States and Canada which are anxious to obtain news of the strike. We cannot obtain it from the usual sources and we therefore write to sug-



gest that your union appoint a press committee to keep us posted regularly. We propose to issue a daily press bulletin containing all the news of the strike. We will send a copy of this daily bulletin to all the labor and socialist papers in the country and thus break up the "conspiracy of silence."

We take this occasion to impress upon your organization the importance of encouraging and supporting the labor and socialist press and the necessity for establishing daily labor papers, owned by

the working class and operated in its interest.

In conclusion if any request is made by the National officers of the United Mine Workers of America for financial aid, the Socialist party stands ready to issue a special appeal to its members. Trusting that your organization will give this matter serious consideration and that we will hear from your press committee, I remain. Yours fraternally,

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